The Oddest Method of Using Perfumes.

Injects a Few Drops of the Pungent Perfume.

Very curious and not without its suggestion of danger is the newest feminine fad, which started in Paris, then made its way across the Channel to London, and within the past month has begun to win popularity in some quarters of New York. It is the latest method of perfuming, and is accomplished with the aid of a hypodermic syringe, deftly manipulated.

The doctor, or whoever is working the little instrument that until now has been entirely a medical one—and some Parisians have already learned to perfume in this way with great skill—forces in the point of the tiny hollow needle so gently that it pierces the skin, and no more. Then, with a further pressure, he injects a few drops of the pungent perfume. That is all that is required. From that moment the skin is charged, as it were, with the scent, and a faint, subtle, illusive odor seems to breathe itself forth from the fair woman who has yielded to this freak of fashion.

The story of its introduction is at least a curious one. A Paris physician, who is an experimenter and a chemist, had a woman friend—a fashionable lady—who was always in search of the unique and the new. He met her one day on the Bois. "I have a sensation for you," he said. The lady arched her eyebrows prettily. "And what is it?" she asked. "Come to my office to-morrow morning," was all the doctor would say as he walked away.

ous one. A Paris physician, who is an experimenter and a chemist, had a woman friend—a fashionable lady—who was always in search of the unique and the new. He met her one day on the Bois. "I have a sensation for you," he said. The lady arched her eyebrows prettily. "And what is it?" she asked. "Come to my office to-morrow morning," was all the doctor would say as he walked away.

Complete success crowned the first experiment, and Madame threw away thereupon her entire stock of sachets. Though a secret of the boudoir, it was to good a one to remain a secret long, and it was but a short time before other women had found it out and were clamoring to be allowed to try it. The clever doctor had a new specialty at once, and many were the women that he perfumed by the hypodermic each day, using the favorite scent of each.

Not very different, however, is the trick of using the hypodermic nedle, and ? fore many weeks had passed women found that their maids could be taug perform the little operation, or at a pinch they could do it themselves.

The news spread rapidly, in that secret way the mysteries of the toilet are communicated to London, and made a hit in the "inner circles" of that town.

Its spread to New York has been slower, and fewer have taken it up, for the possible reason that more American women have a horror of morphine, and connect the hypodermic syringe with that drug. But—though few doctors will acknowledge

The Living Poster Is the Latest Ballet Feature.

The gaudy, eccentrically drawn and altogether fantastic poster, has, like all whims, fads and crazes, found its place on the vaudeville stage. Paris has gone crazy over "living posters," which are a striking and unique feature of every ballet performance in the gay capital, and New York audiences at a large music hall nightly enjoy the spectacle.

The "living posters" are a special feature in Hammerstein's ballet of "Marguerite," and it is safe to say that a jollier or more eccentric surprise has never been seen before on a vaudeville stage. In the course of the ballet Mephistofeles, by his magic power, is firing the artistic ambition of Faust by revealing to him a scene of entrancing pictures, the figures in which come to life after being sufficiently admired and indulge in a characteristic dance.

A Louis XIV. minuet, a picturesque group of fishermen, a bevy of odalisques, led by a "couchee-couchee" dancer, a quadrille of French cooks and chimney sweeps, and a quadrille of horses from the circus have been introduced. When Mephistofeles waves his wand the curtains part, presenting to view a street scene in suburban Paris, the main feature of which is apparently a high, rough board fence, upon which are displayed four large posters of the most utterly Parisian type, but modest in design withal, much more so than those reproduced in the vaudevilles of Paris, where they show such things, and they do such things, etc.

This scene is called the bill poster's dream, and starts a clamor for the appearance of the dancers, who, they are sure, are to appear and dance before this Parisian background.

They Are Living Posters, but Are Rigid.

Artificial Food for the Human Race of Future Generations.

It is now prophesied that the time is coming when bread and beef and milk, or their equivalents, will be produced artificially in the laboratory of the chemist.

Professor Berthelot, the distinguished French chemist, is the authority for this statement, and he declares that the first steps have already been taken, and he is sure that the coming generation will have such artificial food. It will be the same food chemically, digestively and nutritively speaking, but will differ in form.

Just what the form of the food will be is not hinted at, except that it will probably be served cold in the shape of tablets, and of any color or shape that may be desired. Professor Berthelot says gourmets and epicures may mourn, but he feels assured when they have grown accustomed to the change, they will eat nothing prepared in any other way.

In the future, a burned beefsteak, chop or cutlet will be a thing unknown, and a steak well done may be ordered in a dim brown colored tablet, or a steak rare may be ordered in a tablet of light rose hue. The colors alone, the chemical prophet declares, will delight the epicurean senses, and do much to overcome the prejudices that are bound to exist when the change is finally introduced. It has been demonstrated that even at present, tea and coffee could be made artificially in the chemist's laboratory, if the necessity should arise, or if the commercial opportunity, through the necessary supplementary mechanical inventions had been reached.

Sugar is another commodity universally used that can now be made in the laboratory, and an invention has been patented by which, it is claimed, sugar can be made on a commercial scale, from two gases, at a price of little more than one cent a pound. In a long and interesting report on the possibilities of obtaining food produces by artifical means, Professor Berthelot says: "The essential principle of both tea and coffee is the same. The difference of name between them and caffein has arisen from the sources from which they were obtained. They are chemically identical in constitution, and their essence has often been made synthetically. The penultimate stage in the synthesis is theo-bromine, the essential principle of cocoa. Thus, it may be seen that synthetic chemistry is ready to furnish from its laboratories, the three great non-alcoholic beverages in general use. And what is true of food substances, is equally applicable to all other organic substances."

There is little or no limit to the Professor's predictions concerning the changes in the present existing condition of affairs on this mundane sphere. He says: "If one chooses to base dreams, prophetic fancies and so forth upon the parts of the present, one may dream of alterations in the present conditions of human life so great as to be beyond our contemporary conception. One can foresee the disappearance of the beasts from the fields, because horses will no longer be used for traction, or cattle for food. The countless acres now given over to the growing of grain and producing vines will be agricultural antiquities, which which will have passed out of the memory of men. The equal distributions of natural food materials will have done away with protectionism, with custom houses, with national frontiers, kept wet with human blood. Men will have grown too wise for war, and war's necessity will have ceased to be. The air will be filled with aerial motors, flying by forces borrowed from chemistry. Distances will diminish, and the distinction between fertile and non-fertile regions, from the causes named, will largely have passed away. It may even transpire that deserts now uninhabited may be made to blossom, and be sought after as great seats of population in preference to the alluvial plains and rich valleys."

The new food that it is predicted the coming generation will live upon—in fact, the great proportion of our staple foods which are now obtained by natural growth—will be manufactured direct through the) advance of synthetic chemistry, from their constituent elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. As an evidence of the possibility of the eventual disappearance of agriculture, Professor Berthelot cited as an instance of laboratory products, the dye stuff alizarine, the coloring principle of madder, which was formerly a great agricultural industry, but which is now almost wholly supplanted by the artificial product from coal tar. He also declares that chemists can now make indigo direct from its elements, and artificial indigo will soon become a great commercial product.

A century hence, if all that is predicted is true, people will be eating their soup, meat, fish and vegetables in tablets that will come in tin boxes labelled "keep in a cool place," and they may be eating a full course dinner while running for a train, or they can munch a comfortable breakfast unnoticed in an elevated train or a cable car while on their way to business, if such means of locomotion are not out of date in that progressive age.

AN AMERICAN DUCHESS' STRANGE PETS.

Her Grace of Marlborough, Once Miss Vanderbilt, Is Fond of Ostriches.

The young Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, whose triumphant welcome to the Duke's ancestral estate at Blenheim has been fully described in the Journal, brought with them a number of animal and bird curiosities, which will be interesting features of their magnificent English home. It was quite natural that this fortunnate young couple, surfeited as they have been with the pleasures and luxuries common with those born extravagantly rich, should seek in their honeymoon travels something distinctly novel as souvenirs of the trip. The Duchess herself is possessed of original taste, and ,while she gathered the usual collections of old rugs, draperies and arms, she also picked up here and there in the southern countries a real, live menagerie. In this there are two ostriches, several eagles and vultures, and an ibis.

The Duke, who is a clever sportsman, went shooting in the Nile country, and brought down many of the native birds, among them a desert eagle. These specimens he will have stuffed and placed on exhibition at Blenheim, along with its other trophies of war and of the chase.

The strangest member of the Marlborough menagerie is a garter snake that was purchased by the Duchess on the banks of the Nile. She was not at all afraid of the snake, and it soon became tame enough to crawl toward her. Thus it became her favorite of all the pets.

An asisortment of large snakes has been purchased by His Grace with the evident intention of establishing a menagerie at Blenheim similar to the Newport one of the Duchess's stepfather, O. H. P. Belmont, and in them the Duchess takes the greatest interest. She is able to approach any of the reptiles, and knows how to pet them without having them turn upon her. Several times she has touched snakes which the servant in charge warned her were dangerous.

A gentle-eyed Nubian boy in native costume has been added to the Duchess's collection of honeymoon souvenirs. He will accompany her in her walks through the Blenheim grounds and with her will make the rounds of the menagerie whenever she visits the pets.

SAND IS HEALTHFUL.

In Cincinnati the City Furnishes Great Piles of It for the Children to Play In.

Some time ago when an item went the rounds of the press about the large number of bow-legged children in Cincinnati, it was suggested that piles should be provided for them to play in. The sand pile idea was adopted, not only for the [illegible] but for all the little tots, and promises to be carried to a novel extent. Many of the school yards have now in one corner large piles of sand in which the little tots roll and play to their heart's content.

Care is taken to provide clean sand secured from one of the bars in the Ohio River, and it is changed often enough to make it perfectly healthful. It is declared to be the healthiest thing possible for children to play in, and some doctors have advised the making of mud pies as a regular prescription for puny youngsters. They say that there is nothing like contact with Mother Earth, and that if the children do not get healthful sand or dirt to play in they will wallow in the gutter or yards and be contaminated with all sorts of disease germs.

City Legislator John Regan has gone further and has introduced an ordinance in the City Council to shut the worthless element out of Eighth street or Garfield Park and give it over to the children. He proposes to have sand piled in the corners of the parks and let the children play all they want. Mr. Regan, who is well known in New York, says that this should certainly be done.

A Countess Who Rides Horses in the Circus

She Makes a Striking Figure in the Ring.

Even the enterprising Mr. Bailey doesn't have a genuine Countess riding around his sawdust ring every day. Therefore the appearance of a Countess at Madison Square Garden is an unusually interesting event.

On the circus programme the Countess appears simply as "Miss Nellie Reid," and her accomplishments are set forth in the modest style peculiar to "Tody" Hamilton this wise:

"The queen of lady equestrians in a series of superb feats of horsemanship, executed with the most dazzling and marvellous accuracy."

In consequence of the Countess's modesty no one is permitted to know of her title and her aristocratic connections, and it was only by accident that the fact that she is entitled to write herself Ellen Rose, Countess de Maurovich, became known.

Aside from her title, the Countess is a very charming and intelligent young woman. The fact that she has had a very sad experience in the matrimonial line does not seem to have dampened her spirits in the least. She is a handsome, full-blooded English woman, and makes a very striking appearance when, attired in a riding habit, she appears in the ring riding one horse and driving another, and putting the pair through all manner of fancy evolutions. One can readily suppose her a Countess.

She was not born a member of the aristocracy, but married into it. Her father was a well-known London barrister. When he died it was found that he left little or no estate. The daughter had been well educated, and had always been devoted to outdoor sports, particularly riding. She had become a fine horsewoman, and decided to make this accomplishment her means of livelihood. She therefore opened a ladies' riding school.

While she was riding at the Horse Show in London, Charles Hengler, the English circus man, noticed her fine horsemanship, and offered her an engagement, which she accepted. Afterward she went with Charinla's Italian circus, and for eight years she travelled through South America and Australia with this show. She married the manager of the circus and became Mme. Nellie Reid-Ponente. Her husband died, and while she was carrying out an engagement with the circus, which had returned to England, she met the man who made her a Countess.

He was Rudolph, Count de Maurovich, Austrian Consul at King's Lynn, near East Lynn, England. The Count came of one of the most distinguished families in Austria. His uncle, Dr. Giussepi de Maurovich, is the present Governor of Goviria, a province near the Italian border. But beyond his fine name and consequent social standing, the Count seems to have had nothing. He had run through all the money he could squeeze out of his family, and was hungry for more.

In Mme. Reid-Ponente, as she was then known to the ring, the Count scented a fine prospect of a substantial income. She was drawing a big salary, and the Count felt fully competent to spend it. Only he didn't put it that way.

She soon found that the Count was a profligate and left him.

The Youngest Violinist in the Whole World

The youngest violinist in the world is Master William Ffooks, of England. The accompanying portrait of him is from a photograph taken when he was two years and three months old. Master Ffooks's playing, we are assured, is far more melodious than his name.

The experienced musician will at once perceive that Master Ffooks holds his instrument and his bow in the manner of a skilled performer. That so small a child should be able to do this is in itself a wonder, apart from any merit in his playing.

The violin is, of all musical instruments, the one which requires most training and labor, in order that any degree of excellence may be attained. Without a certain natural aptitude, not to be acquired by training, it is impossible to play well; but even with this a great amount of work is essential.

Fifteen years have been spent in practice by a player before he acquired the excellence necessary for the smallest kind of public success. Great players, at the height of their fame, pass hours daily in practice, in addition to the time given to public performances.

The art requires not only great knowledge and exquisite musical sensibility in the student, but a very fine physical organization. The average man is far from possessing the lightness, the quickness and the sensibility of touch which would make him a good violin player. His nervous organization is too coarse.

The player must also have a considerable power of physical endurance. The position, with the bent head and the outstretched arms, is a fatiguing one, while the incessant movement of the fingers of the left hand is still more so. The necessary strength no doubt comes with practice to one who has the other qualities, but how to a child of two it is difficult to understand.

He Holds His Violin and Bow Like an Old Performer.